

THE
AMUSEMENT
OF
LEISURE HOURS;

OR, A SELECTION OF

FUGITIVE PIECES.

BY

A SCHOLAR OF BLACKHEATH SCHOOL.

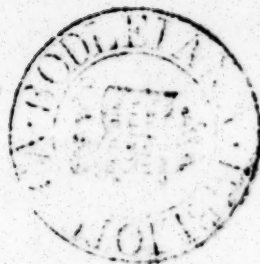
Discedam, explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

VIRG. Æn. vi. Line 545.

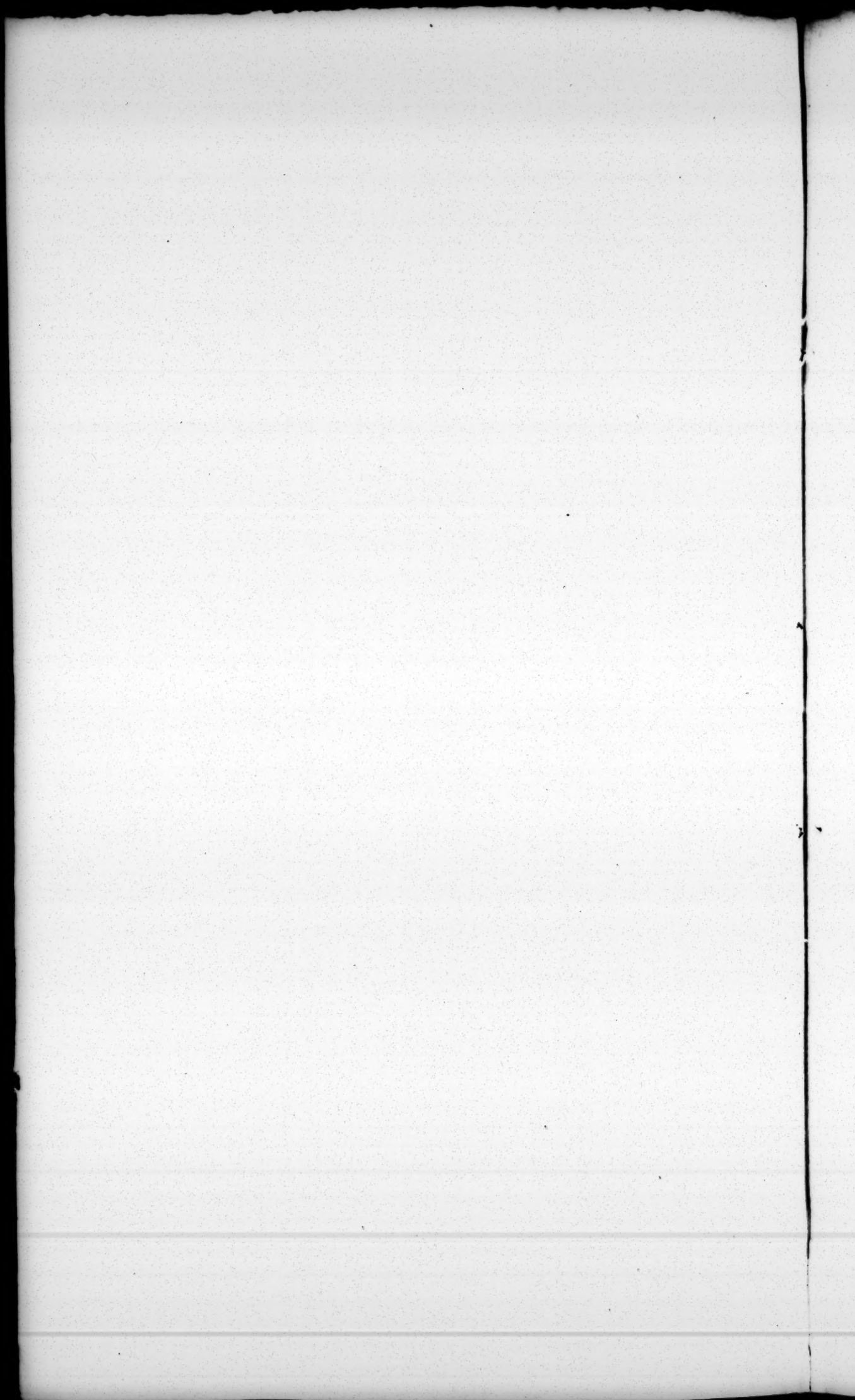
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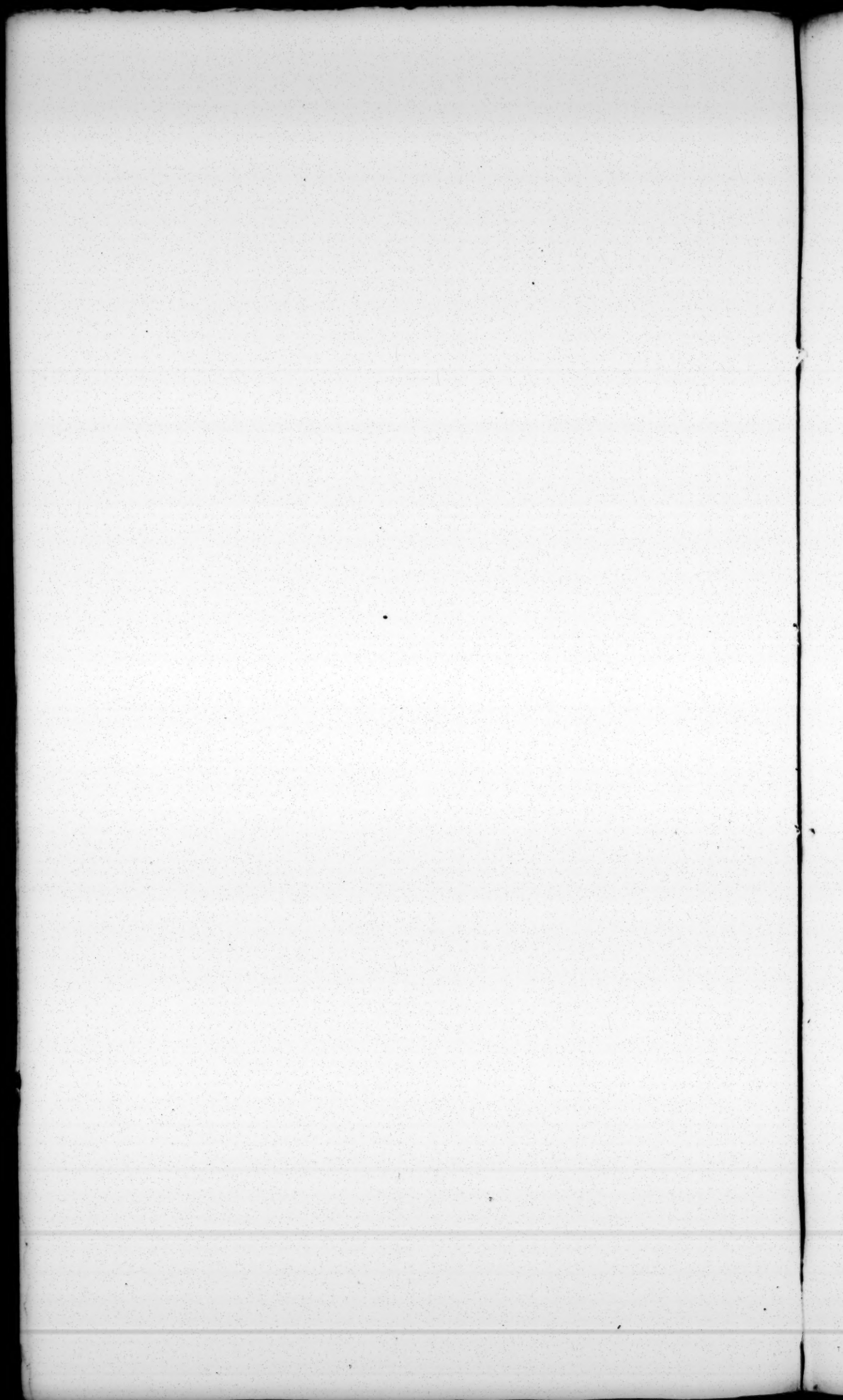
1793.



4.



THE
AMUSEMENT
OF
LEISURE HOURS.



FUGITIVE PIECES.

THE ADVICE.

JANUARY 6, 1784.

OUT, Varlet! burn that dedication;
Such knaves have ruin'd half the nation;
My Lord will blush to read the soft lampoon,
And sigh, for virtues, yet to him unknown.
Why with that wanton stroke his bosom wound?
Obliquely hint a vice in soothing sound;
Call Conscience forth and giddy Joy confound? }
Trust to thy merit for thy share of fame,
Nor meanly flatter for a poet's name.
Wing the keen shaft at Folly's tow'ring crest,
And stab triumphant Dulness in the breast;
Raise meek-ey'd Virtue, gen'rous deeds rehearse,
And place fair actions in recordant verse;
Too mean the bard that Power shall flatter,
And vicious fools with virtues spatter;
Too base, who sullies Virtue's honest name,
And from the brave deducts their meed of fame.

JANUARY 5, 1784.

I.

GO, happy book, to fair ELIZA shew
This wretched picture of her EDMOND's grief;
Tell her repentant tears incessant flow
In sad despair; nor knows his heart relief.

II.

Tell her he loaths the light, and vital breath;
Tell her 'tis absence wrings his troubled breast;
He'd bless the friendly hour that gave him death,
And kindly sunk him to eternal rest.

III.

One bliss, alas! thy EDMOND ne'er must know;
No lov'd ELIZA e'er shall heave a sigh!
Hang o'er his couch in soft expressive woe!
Catch his last breath, and close his beamless eye!

IV.

Then might his lips some fault'ring word convey,
Some soft, pathetic speech, to mem'ry dear;
Kept as a treasure to her latest day,
And oft recorded with a gentle tear!

THE

THE RESOLVE.

I.

WHAT! shall I madly run a tilt,
 'Cause wanton CHLOE plays the jilt?
 At midnight reel to night-house drunk;
 And search each dirty hole for punk?

II.

Confound the girl, and curse the flame;
 I'll stand a candidate for fame:
 No mortal fair I'll ever wed,
 Nor* lead Deception to my bed.

III.

Nine maiden † sisters well I know,
 Tall, fair, and straight, of comely show;
 They'll toy, and play, and kifs—but then
 They never enter'd sheets with men.

IV.

The fairest she I'll chuse by Fate;
 And CHLOE then shall find, too late,
 My love is equall'd by my hate! }

* Or, And lead, &c.

† Heavenly sisters.

THE RECANTATION.

WERE my CHLOE but kind,
To her faults I'd be blind;
She might ogle each day,
Spend each night at the play;
Unstinted to measure,
No word of displeasure
From her DAMON should wrest
The dear joys from her breast:
He'd regale on her smiles,
Nor remember her wiles;
He would ever approve,
With the softness of love;
And would boast to the last,
That the fetters were fast,
That held him a captive to beauty.

EDRED

EDRED THE HERMIT.

JULY 6, 1784.

I.

FAR in yon wood, for faintly converse meet,
Whose deep recess embow'ring oaks conceal,
A modest Hermit finds a calm retreat,
And lives sequester'd in a moss-grown cell.

II.

From Man secluded, not to Man unkind,
With heavenly fire his raptur'd bosom glows:
He feels our sorrows with a Parent's mind,
And on each woe an honest tear bestows.

III.

His lonely grot affords the wretch relief;
(To all extends the pious father's care:)
His gentle precepts soothe the rising grief,
And waft to Heaven the soul of deep despair.

IV. His

IV.

His sympathetic door obedient turns,
To chear the nightly wand'ring pilgrim's heart;
Then for his guest th' augmented faggot burns;
And Virtue's love does smiling Peace impart.

V.

A little spot industrious labour pays,
And ministers to humble wants, confin'd
To Nature's relish in Saturnian days;
Ere Luxury debas'd the free-born mind.

VI.

Approving Heav'n accepts his early pray'r;
Which still returns to bless the setting ray:
His placid bosom knows no worldly care,
But such as vagrant mis'ry shall convey.

VII.

Like the plain surface of the summer stream,
When gentle zephyrs fan the lazy tide;
His cloudless brow displays the thought serene
Unfelt by wealthy state, or pompous pride.

VIII.

Nor was his youth to active scenes unknown;
Nor erst in holy privacy conceal'd;
His name erewhile in Glory's annals shone,
And for his God he fought the list'd field*.

* That is, he went to the Crusades.

IX.

For fair IRENE his youthful bosom glow'd
 With the soft raptures of a chaste desire:
 The tender maid responsive vows bestow'd;
 And sweetly-blushing own'd as chaste a fire.

X.

The smother'd flame her cruel fire survey'd,
 —Deaf to the pleadings of a child so fair,—
 With hasty rage rebuk'd the faultless maid,
 And slighted EDRED for a titled heir.

XI.

From gentlest lineage sprung the sprightly youth;
 A younger branch from ancient barons bold:
 Fam'd for sincerity and matchless truth:
 Great worth indeed—but moderate share of gold.

XII.

Unhappy EDRED fought the holy strife*,
 With Pagan blood his maiden arms distain'd †,
 And fought, regardless of a wretched life,
 But erst, this tender faithful vow obtain'd:

* Crusade.

† See Virgil's Index for Parmaque inglorius Alba, which Mr. Dryden justly calls, a maiden shield, because belonging to a young soldier, as yet unstained by blood.

XIII. "What-

XIII.

“ Whate’er my gentle EDRED’S life attend,
“ Thy dear, thy lov’d IRENE shall ne’er be led
“ (Tho’ threats with savage force united blend)
“ A weeping comfort to another’s bed.”

XIV.

True to her plighted vow, the generous maid
Fell a sad victim to paternal pride;
Her faithful EDRED fought yon gloomy shade,
And GOD and fair IRENE his pensive hours
divide.

CONNAN AND RONA.

I.

BEHOLD those Gothic tow’rs on Derwent’s
side,
Far as the straining orb can distant view;
The stately mansions once of wealth and pride,
Though now enshrin’d with ivy’s sable hue.

II. There

II.

There mighty CATHUL sat midst barons brave;
There hapless blooming RONA breath'd her last;
By DURSTAN'S rage she found an early grave;
—A brother's fury drove the vengeful blast!

III.

There blameless CATHUL mourn'd her fate severe,
And curs'd young DURSTAN'S sad misguided rage;
Sunk a pale spectre to the timeless bier;
A sad example to each future age.

IV.

There oft the fairy elves, with chaplets crown'd,
Trip the green sod in mystic sportive ring;
Here jocund dance the midnight hour away,
Or at fair RONA'S tomb sweet dirges sing.

V.

There oft the village statesman stands profound*,
There hoary fathers oft recite this woe,
While filial tears bedew the hallow'd ground,
And softest moving sorrows gently flow.

VI.

In all the winning pride of artless grace,
The lovely RONA shone divinely fair;
Mild opening blossoms deck'd her rosy face,
The gentlest manners, and the sprightliest air.

* See Goldsmith.

VII.

Stern GODWIN's matchless heir, bold CONNAN won,
In unfrequented shades, her maiden vow;
The youth on yonder plains unrivall'd shone,
To hurl the spear, or twang the stubborn bow.

VIII.

To SIWARD's hermit grot, remote and lone,
Young CONNAN led the kind consenting maid;
The pious father join'd their hands in one,
And call'd celestial Pow'rs their joys to aid.

IX.

Ah, thoughtless Fair! those vows could ne'er succeed!
Malignant Envy saw, and grimly smil'd;
Vindictive Fate o'erlook'd the faultless deed,
And haggard Furies ev'ry wish beguil'd.

X.

Blithsome returning from the happy bow'r,
The guardless youth caress'd his lovely mate;
This, wrathful DURSTAN saw—in evil hour,
Sent the dread minister of ruthless fate.

XI.

Behind an ancient tree he stood, intent,
From his stor'd quiver cull'd the choicest dart;
To utmost curve the elastic yew he bent,
And pierc'd the guiltless lover's panting heart.

XII. Down

XII.

Down sunk the youth, on RONA's breast reclin'd,
His closing eyes exclude the chearful day;
But who can picture RONA's tortur'd mind,
As in her arms her breathless CONNAN lay.

XIII.

"This still is left my truth to prove," she said,
And seiz'd the sparkling dagger CONNAN wore;
"Thy plighted RONA still attends thy shade,
"Just to each vow that Heaven has heard before."

XIV.

Deep in her breast she plung'd the ready blade,
A crimson tide distains her snowy vest,
Death veils her beauties in a paler shade,
And in her CONNAN's bosom hid, she sinks to rest.

XV.

One modest tomb supplies each sad remains,
Whose mould'ring sculpture still records the woe;
There oft at eve repair the neighbouring swains,
There learn with generous sympathy to glow.

'TIS an old saying, and well understood,
The nearer to church, the farther from God;
Perhaps that is true, but this I assure,
The nearer to physick, the farther from cure.

ON HOPE.

OH thou! whose chearful soothing pow'r displays
 The bright reversion of auspicious days;
 Thou, whose seraphic balm can sweetly chear
 The aching heart, and stop the rising tear;
 Whose presence brings the dungeon'd victim peace,
 Smooths his rough brow, and bids his sorrows cease;
 When the stern tyrant rears th' avenging rod,
 And execution waits Oppression's nod,
 Thy aid confirms the trembling Caitif's rest,
 And studied torments rack in vain his breast;
 Firm Confidence revives his fainting heart,
 Calmly triumphant o'er each bloody art;
 By thee inspir'd, his pallid cheek shall glow,
 And his fix'd soul indignant spurn the blow.
 Hail then, celestial Hope, benignant friend,
 In robe of pure æthelial white descend,
 On me thy ever-smiling aspect turn,
 Teach me, alas! to hope, and not to mourn.

IMITATION FROM THE ENVY OF OVID.

BENEATH yon rifted crag does Envy dwell,
 And lurks pestiferous in a gloomy cell ;
 She grinds the snake and venom'd adder's brood,
 And growls indignant o'er her horrid food ;
 Filth dyes her cheeks, her garments drip with blood ;
 Half eaten carcases defile the floor,
 And clotted entrails block the creaking door ;
 Her fiery orbs with rage malignant roll,
 More than Alcæto burns within her soul ;
 Each word a charm, each glance a poison'd spear,
 And her whole form an object of sad despair ;
 Her wither'd breast the jaundic'd spot displays,
 Tho' shrivell'd veins the creeping current strays,
 And her rough tooth an iron rust betrays.
 Stiff in its filth the tatter'd rug she wears,
 And the whole woman but a scrag appears ;
 There midnight silence reigns ; impervious trees
 Obstruct the murmurs of the gentlest breeze ;
 E'en hissing furies loathe her dreadful sight,
 And hide their curling snakes in threefold night.
 When call'd to vengeance by the pow'rs on high,
 She shapes her rapid course thro' upper sky ;

Her

Her curs'd approach the blasted fields declare,
 The lofty trees perceive the scorching air,
 Strip'd of its foilage stands the forest bare;
 The desert tribe their midnight rage forsake,
 Pant in the cave, or tremble in the brake;
 The affrighted moon her pallid orb enshrouds,
 And veils her lustre in obducted clouds;
 The rumbling earth proclaims in hollow groans,
 And restless tyrants tremble on their thrones,
 Discordant sprites attend a direful throng,
 And sows dissention as she sails along;
 Her scalding tears she never can refrain,
 Where Peace benign and happy Plenty reign!

*Non mecum restat tantas componere lites:
 Philosophi certant et adhuc sub judice lis est.*

THE DOUBT.

IMMUR'D within some abbey's pensive gloom,
 With faintly penance shall I wait my doom,
 And steal in silence to the peaceful tomb?
 Or seek, remote, the chilly moss-grown cell,
 And wrapt in hermit shades, forgotten, dwell?

Or

Or, with Heraclitus, in sorrow steep
 These languid orbs, and human miseries weep?
 Or, like Democritus, with smiles pursue,
 And laugh at Folly as it strikes my view?
 Yon pious weeping sage but warns in vain
 A giddy world that ridicules his pain;
 Nor profits more the laughing Sophist's spleen,
 For keenest satire wears a comic mien.
 Within the cloister'd dome, in durance pent,
 Sit bloodless Grief and gloomy Discontent:
 There some lorn Abelard sad vigils keeps;
 There some despairing wan Eloisa weeps,
 Whose sacred lamp a pallid ray bestows,
 That trembles—conscious of unhallow'd vows:
 There dark revenge and envy hold their court*,
 And all the latent horrors of the mind resort;
 There spleen, foul fiend, religion's guise assumes,
 And on a bloodless face and furrow'd brow presumes.
 Let dotard age, to votive caverns steal,
 Those dark recesses of misguided zeal;
 There, wrapt in indolence and fancy'd bliss,
 Dream worlds unknown, nor waste a thought on this.
 Grant me, great power benign! unknown to strife,
 A chearful, easy, unoffending life;
 Let no base action, no desire of wealth,
 Distract my conscience, nor impair my health;
 But one calm medium cheer my latest day;
 —Not curs'd with pow'r, nor fated to obey †.

* Witness the Deaths of Henry III and Henry IV, by Clement and Ravillac, supposed to be the effects of religious venom.

† Nullus addictus in verba jurare magistri. HORACE.

Grant me this humble independent state,
 I'll smile contempt on all the world thinks great :
 Untaught to fawn, or truckle for support,
 I leave to servile knaves dependence and a court ;
 I ask no trophies that for ever last ;
 No friend avow'd to fame's obstreperous blast * ;
 Yet to her softer plaudits not averse,
 Such as the praise of humble worth rehearse ;
 Guide to some country hamlet's fair domain,
 Whose cultur'd fields reward the blithsome swain,
 Whose heapy harvests pay the sweating brow,
 And nought but innocence and toil they know ;
 Distant let it be from scenes of folly,
 As from the haunts of solemn melancholy :
 Let me reside in competence and ease,
 My only study be the art to please ;
 Some welcome friend, of generous, liberal soul,
 Shall share my plain repast and frugal bowl,
 Who can, whate'er he feels, with ease relate,
 And give each sentiment its proper weight
 Grant too, when sues the vagrant child of woe,
 Enough, some trivial bounty to bestow ;
 Such, as may bid his present cravings cease,
 And lull his soul to temporary peace.
 Such be my narrow span of life assign'd,
 Pleas'd with my fortune, to the future blind ;
 Whene'er thy will ordains, a chearful guest,
 Full, but not cloy'd of life, I quit the feast †.

* "Obstreperous blast" I took from the amiable Shenstone.

† Cur non ut plenus vitæ Conviva recedis ? Lucretius Carus.

DURUM est non amare ;
 Durum est etiam amare :
 Durissimus verò est,
 Non frui reamata.

DE. ANACREON.

HARD is the lot of those
 Who never felt a love;
 Nor know those breasts repose
 Which all its fervours prove :
 Severer still his lot,
 Whose sighs in vain are spent ;
 Whose passion softens not
 The object of content.

MARTIAL, EPIGRAM LXXIII. Bk. I.

Quid mihi redeat ager, &c.

WOULD Linus know, what bliss my cottage
 yields,
 And scanty farm, in the Nomentine fields ?
 'Tis briefly this ; nor comfort small to me—
 'Tis only there I cannot Linus see.

D

OVID'

OVID's AMOURS, Bk. I. Elegy VI.

Ovid's threats being locked out of his mistress's great gates.

NOX et amor, Vinumque nil moderabile suadent :
Illa pudore vacat, Liber amorque metu. OVID.

NIGHT, love and wine, to violence persuade :
Night knows no shame, and love and wine no dread.

.....

On HORACE and JUVENAL.

HORACE is pleasant, poignant, and polite,
In him we read what men of manners write :
Splenetic Juvenal holds up to view
Each vice and folly with a darken'd hue,
Scorning the gentler * manners of his age,
He dealt his satire with Iambic rage.

* Softer may best express the effeminacy of Juvenal's days.

O, if

O, if 'tis true, in days of old,
 Three rival goddesses, for gold,
 Submitted to a shepherd's eyes
 The snowy beauties of the skies,
 And with each radiant charm unveil'd,
 To tempt a simple shepherd's boy assail'd :
 Where is the wonder, when we see
 In t' other sex, of each degree,
 That dims each lustre of the mind,
 A something of the venal kind ?
 Shall frail mortality presume,
 A greater fortitude t'assume,
 Than she who rules the spheres above,
 And dictates laws to haughty Jove—
 The queen of wisdom and the queen of love ? }

Nobilitas sola est atque unica Virtus. Juv. Sat. 8, l. 20.

VIRTUE IS THE ONLY NOBILITY.

THO' noblest blood, in unadulterate strain,
 To thee transmitted, swells each throbbing vein ;
 Tho' kindred princes your alliance own,
 But one step distant from a vacant throne ;

Tho' ancient Legends boast each honour'd name,
 And history dwells with rapture on their fame,
 From whom no spurious origin you claim ;
 Tho' crowns and coronets your arms adorn,
 With trophies garnish'd, by supporters borne ;
 Yet, think not these can aught divine reflect,
 If your base conduct prompt the world's neglect—
 'Tis your own merit must insure respect.

Tell not the deeds your ancestry have wrought,
 How wisely counsel'd, and how bravely fought,
 What honours gain'd, what martial trophies won ;
 Each deed's a censure on a worthless son.—
 We pay no homage to the courser's breed,
 But rate him by his courage and his speed ;
 If tardy in the race, it matters not
 To what related, or by which begot :
 Vain boast of wealth, of lineage, and of state !
 'Tis your own merit must pronounce you great.
 Vie with the generous ancestry you claim ;
 First own their virtues, then demand their fame ;
 'Tis your's hereditary worth to grace,
 And prove the merits of your boasted race ;
 But if degenerate from their ancient fame,
 Ev'n grinning idiots shall deny thy claim.
 I'd rather vile Therfites were your fire,
 And you possessed the great Æacian fire,
 Brave in the business of the list'd field,
 And fam'd the bright Vulcanian arms to wield,
 Than that from great Achilles' loins you sprung,
 A dastard wretch, with vile Therfites' tongue.

MID-DAY.

Written in 1783—4.

NOW Phœbus in meridian splendour shines,
 And yawning wastes reflect his golden lines ;
 Oppress'd on sultry plains the flocks now bleat,
 And panting herds to limpid streams retreat,
 Or couch'd beneath embow'ring thickets lie,
 While frisking tails repel th' invading fly :
 The low'ring bull, that terror of the plains,
 Stretch'd 'midst his wives in Eastern pomp there
 reigns ;
 Swift o'er the stagnant pool fierce Draco * sails,
 Proud of his wings of gauze and sparkling scales,
 Or stops with wonder near the margin's side,
 To view his lengthen'd form and spangled pride :
 Urg'd by maternal love, the swallow glides
 O'er the mid wave, and carefully provides
 The luscious fly, or beetle's humming brood,
 And to her greedy nest † conveys the welcome food :
 The trout now basks beneath the mid-day beam,
 Nor darts for plunder thro' the curling stream :

* Dragon fly.

† See Virgil's *nidis loquacibus escas*.

The village steeple gleams a forked star,
 A guide to fainting pilgrims from afar :
 All nature bends beneath the scorching ray,
 Come from the cheerless plain, my Daphnis, come
 away.

ASK Epicurus whence this world's beginning was,
 He'll say, agglomerated atoms form'd the mass ;
 First principles, too small to view with human eyes,
 And that the mighty secret in cohesion lies ;
 Chance rul'd the whole, myriads of atoms danc'd
 like apes,
 And by unknown connexion form'd ten thousand
 shapes.
 Say, merry sophist, how could chance all nature
 found,
 And nature's bodies be to settled functions bound ?
 Allow, vain sage ! you must, such never changing
 laws,
 To some prime Omnipresent Being owe their cause ;
 Who fram'd, no doubt, is competent to guide the
 whole ;
 Was, is, and must remain, the great informing soul.

MORNING.

MORNING.

Finished in February, 1784.

I.

FROM ruby Portals darts the saffron gleam;
Now flow retires the sable shaded night;
Now waning Phœbe glows with fainter beam,
And bears to distant zones her pallid light.

II.

The spangled dew-drops glisten on the green,
Quick twinkling to the glance of ruddy fire;
To ivy'd domes now flit the birds obscene;
To charnels drear the spectre-train retire.

III.

The tuneful harbinger * of rising day,
From nature's couch, on agil pinions born,
Shakes his fair plumage, dripp'd with humid spray,
And chaunts exultant to the dappled morn.

* The Lark.

IV.

The village cock, in vermeil crested pride,
Now carols loud, the blushing dawn to hail,
Struts to the barn with stately measur'd stride,
And calls the peasant to the sounding flail.

V.

From hospitable roof the pilgrim wends, *
The humble scrip † with coarsest viands stor'd,
With grateful blessings pays his gen'rous friends,
Whose bounty heap'd the sweet reſective board.

VI.

Sunk by the galling yoke's oppressive load,
The patient ox now turns the reeking foil ;
The whistling boy attends with pointed goad,
That sharp incentive to feverer toil.

VII.

Nor here should lazy pride indignant view,
The useful labours of th'industrious swain !
Majestic Rome from ploughs her consuls drew,
And conquer'd kingdoms by the rustic train.

VIII.

Her sturdy hinds ‡ are Britains firmest guard ;
They deal her vengeance to each adverse shore ;
They, fix'd as fate, invading foes retard,
Undaunted, smiling at the cannon's roar.

* Wends, goes. † Scrip, a pilgrim's wallet. ‡ Hinds, Countrymen.

IX.

These gain'd young Edward Cressy's * deathless field,
By gallant Monmouth's † side unshaken stood,
When Agincourt the vanquish'd Gaul beheld,
Whose thirsty plains were drench'd with richest
blood.

X.

These choak'd the trembling Danube's oozy bed,
When Churchill ‡ fir'd the fierce victorious train,
And dy'd his frothy wave in blushing red,
A crimson tribute for the restless main.

XI.

Here stop, my wand'ring muse; resume the lay—
Of rural pastime sing, and sportsman's game,
The sprightly horn that welcomes rosy day,
When rival hunters strive for dang'rous fame.

XII.

The crafty fox now scuds to gloomy brakes,
The deep-ton'd hound the scented track pursues,
With clam'rous peals the distant woodland shakes,
And babbling echo still the sound renews.

* Or Crecy's---won by the Black Prince.

† Monmouth---Henry V.

‡ Churchill---Duke of Marlborough.

XIII.

The timid hare, meek tenant of the heath,
Scar'd from the rough-grown furze, or mossy
form,
Eludes the savage din and threaten'd death,
And stops and listens to the gath'ring storm.

XIV.

The trusty spaniel tries the rustling wood,
Now sniffs the rill, now beats the thicker shade;
Here feeds the wood-cock, there the pheasant brood,
Hide in the waving fern or thorny glade.

XV.

Ah! sweet profusion of unbounded grace!
To soothe the gloomy soul of stubborn man,
Who, cheerless, views expanding nature's face,
Nor well digests the great benignant plan.

XVI.

To me, these blooming scenes no charms afford;
The shady wood, or gay enamell'd green,
Not all indulgent nature's lavish hoard
Can win the smile, or bribe the thought serene.

XVII.

Yet, still I join to praise the great design;
Confess the polish'd work supremely fair,
Revere the God, and bless the hand divine,
And own the bounties which I cannot share.

NIGHT.

NIGHT.

FINISHED FEBRUARY 1, 1784.

I.

'T IS silence round; a second chaos reigns !
The solemn night expands her sable wings,
Dark, misty vapours hide the chearful plains,
Bleak, piercing air a noxious moisture flings.

II.

Th' industrious peasant, lost in calm repose,
Forgets the labours of the toilsome day,
Slumbers, unmindful of returning woes,
And smiling dreams at happy ease and rural
play.

III.

The hectic wretch, whose haggard eye-balls roll,
In sad expectance of attendant fate,
Steals from the painful world his care-worn soul,
And dreams of florid cheeks and healthy state.

IV.

ne dark-brow'd villain, ever wake to fear,
Trembles beneath the gloomy awful shade,
Struck by fair conscience, monitor austere !
A thousand furies his fell breast invade.

V.

Now superstitious dæmons stalk around ;
Now fancy's elves the verdant meadow tread ;
Now white-rob'd spectres, on the hallow'd ground,
Pace with majestic step o'er silent dead.

VI.

Now meek philosophy, with thoughtful mien,
Led by the solemn silence of the night,
Reviews each ancient tale and story'd scene,
And shuns each prying eye's obtruding sight.

VII.

Here steady Brutus, with indignant brow,
Sternly triumphant o'er a tyrant friend ;
There godlike Cato strikes th'immortal blow,
Then greatly fights for Rome's disastrous end.

VIII.

There Contemplation views Timoleon's form,
The gentle * boast of Corinth's splendid state,
Whose ready steel repell'd th'impending storm,
And seal'd a country's freedom with his brother's fate.

* See Thompson.

IX. There

IX.

There, with undaunted soul, and firm disdain,
The pious bleeding matron * seems to stand,
Then, smiling, cries—This Pætus gives no pain—
And drops th' enfanguin'd dagger from her hand.

X.

Such charms from gentle meditation flow ;
Such the sweet pleasures of the silent hour ;
With such, my happy bosom once could glow,
E'er chill'd by sad despair's obdurate power.

XI.

Now horrid dreams through Lucid † portals rush,
Too sure presages of approaching grief ;
Now, in my slumbers, melting sorrows gush,
Nor downy rest affords a short relief.

XII.

O'er trackless unfrequented wastes I run,
There oft pursue the cruel faithless maid,
She seems, alas ! my fond embrace to shun,
And flits aloft a visionary shade.

XIII.

Oft seem to weep with tender artless pain,
And strive untainted spotless truth to prove ;
She marks each word, with steady fix'd disdain,
Then talks of innocence, and perjur'd love.

* See Arria, in Dictionary.

† See Virgil—the gates of Horn, through
which come the true dreams.

XIV. My

XIV.

My stubborn faith forbids the gen'rous deed,
 Or soon this hasty arm should find redress ;
 With more than Roman fortitude I'd bleed,
 And end a life Eliza scorns to bless.

MARK well yon rifted crag, whose airy brow
 Threatens destruction to the vale below,
 Where hoarse cascades with interrupted sound,
 Spread panting horror o'er the vast profound.
 Far in a grove, remote from human eyes,
 (Impervious thickets round) the proud mausoleum
 lies,

One winding path, thro' all the dreary gloom,
 Leads to the mansions of eternal bloom ;
 The stately oak there casts a browner shade,
 And flow'ry hawthorns rustle in the glade ;
 Each aromatic scent diffus'd around,
 And gayest blossoms deck th'enchanted ground.
 Young Edgar, there, reclin'd in balmy rest,
 Sleeps on his faithful Emma's snowy breast ;
 United in the tomb, tho' ruthless fate
 Pursu'd them, living, with vindictive hate.
 In Edgar's arms the lovely Emma died :
 Scarce had the youth for gentle Emma sigh'd,

When

When hov'ring o'er him hung the shades of death,
 Drop'd his pale hand, and stop'd his balmy breath,
 Sage Merlin (he, whose magic spell controuls
 The rolling planets of the distant poles ;
 Whose incantations from her vaulted height
 Draw the pale moon with darting meteor's flight,)
 Immortal verdure on the spot bestow'd,
 And round their tomb the freshest fragrance strew'd,
 Bad all the spangled flow'rs that deck the field,
 Their blended colours in profusion yield;
 Bad midnight faries trip th'enamell'd glade,
 And chaunt their requiems to each injur'd shade.

Translation from HORACE, May 14, 1784.

CARPE DIEM.—ON DEATH.

ONE envious minute mars the flatt'ring scene,
 Time urges on, and death steps in between,
 Wrests the faint hope, and promis'd future years,
 Stops the vain bliss, and ends corroding cares :
 Studious the present moment still employ,
 'Tis all you have, and all you should enjoy.

THE

THE CHURCH-YARD.

SCENE—Easted Church-Yard, in Lord Suffolk's
Park, Surry.

Horace—Manes et Fabula fies.

Omnes eodem cogimur.

I.

SWEET awful shades! congenial to my mind,
Where solemn melancholy ever dwells,
Where meditation breathes the thought refin'd,
Then, gravely points to modest sculptur'd cells.

II.

Here the fair tomb majestic seems to nod,
Proud of the glories of its vaulted dead;
There twisted brambles bind the rising sod,
That marks some humbler mortal's new-made
bed.

III.

Here, on the polish'd stone, full deep impress'd,
The blazon'd virtues of the great appear;
There, the meek head-stone warms the feeling breast,
And claims from sympathy a gen'rous tear.

IV. Here

IV.

Here sleeps Ambition—restless thirst of fame !

Here, undistinguish'd, blends the human clay ;
Here ends, alas ! each vain illustrious name ;
Here Kings beside the tatter'd beggar lay !

V.

Teach me, instructive Lesson ! to subdue
(Warn'd by these scenes) each swelling gust of
pride,
In humblest guise my present state to view,
And firmly trust in Heav'n's all-potent guide.

VI.

Oft, when the Western sun, declining, streaks
The closing day with ruddy parting light ;
When from her dreary haunt the bat-mouse breaks,
When famish'd owls proclaim approaching night.

VII.

By Contemplation led, instructress kind,
And gentle Pity, sweetly melting dame !
I trace your pleasing green with fervent mind,
And catch the glancing ray of heav'nly Wis-
dom's flame

MACER.

*Nox atrâ caput tristi circumvolat umbrâ. Virgil,
Ænead vi. l. 867.*

Black night with fullen clouds his head surrounds.

SURE Nature frown'd indignant on my birth;
With pangs unwonted shook the lab'ring earth;
The Triple Sisters * broke, with dreadful spell,
The rifted portals of their cavern'd cell,
And fled th' Avernian gulph, and pow'r of Hell;
The blasted herbage shrunk beneath their breath,
While thus began the shrivel'd Progeny of Death:
" Sacred to Furies be thy cursed life;
" Continued trouble and continued strife;
" No bright effulgence of cælestial ray
" Shall gleam thy early dawn, or setting day;
" Discordant passions in thy breast shall roll,
" Distort thy form, and gnaw thy inmost soul;
" On thee no mother, with extatic joy
" Shall smile, and clasp her sweetly blooming boy;

* The Furies.

" No tender care thy wanton youth shall prove--
 " The mother's fondness, or the father's love.
 " Unknown to thee Affection's gentle flame,
 " Thy infant tongue shall lisp an Alien's name :
 " No parent's knees, with kind officious care,
 " Thy youth shall climb, to wipe the falling tear ;
 " No father's blessing shall await thy head,
 " 'Ere rest consigns thee to the downy bed.
 " Bound by these spells, Affliction's wretched slave,
 " (Till woes unnumber'd sink thee to the grave,)
 " Thro' stormy life a friendless object go—
 " The child of sorrow, and the man of woe."

Here ceas'd the Hags.—All nature felt th' alarm,
 And earth's fix'd basis trembled at the charm :
 One steady tenor thro' my life has run,
 Rose with my dawn, and waits my setting sun ;
 The cloudy sky still low'rs with tempests dread,
 And bursts terrific on my languid head ;
 A dark Cimmerian shade involves my soul,
 As wrapt in fullen gloom each adverse pole,
 When Phœbus back his panting steeds repress,
 To shun the horrors of Thyestes' feast.

THE FOLLOWING ON THE
DEATH OF DR. JOHNSON.

I.

WHEN JOHNSON, Virtue's darling child!
Resign'd his pious breath,
Triumphant envy grimly smil'd,
And hail'd the work of death!

II.

'Twas only envy, crone malign!
Enjoy'd the painful hour,
Desponding sigh'd each grace benign,
And wept a balmy show'r.

III.

But why repine the fate of earth?
Impartial Heav'n's behest,
That gave his boundless spirit birth,
Demands his soul should rest.

IV. What,

IV.

What, tho' reluctant flows the verse,
Ungrateful to thy name,
Nor moves along the blazon'd hearse
Recordant of thy fame :

V.

Yet, worth with solemn step, attends
Thy solitary bier ;
Majestic o'er thy relicks bends
And speaks thy mem'ry dear.

VI.

The faithful few, whose virtues shar'd
Thy tranquil, social hour,
To whom thy genuine soul appear'd,
Their duteous sorrows pour.

VII.

Not grateful Albion, thus consigns
To earth each favour'd bard ;
The hymn, the pealing organ joins,
And sculptur'd trophies guard.

VIII.

I know, thy soul, with just disdain,
Could venal incense spurn :
No frolic child of Folly's train
Shall bathe thy sacred urn.

IX.

'Tis only those thy loss can feel ;
Who own a kindred fire ;
Whose minds, untouch'd by partial zeal,
To noblest themes aspire.

X.

O may some friend's benignant grace
To Virtue's child be just,
And o'er those flighted relics, place
The Monumental Bust.*

XI.

And sure no vain presumptuous claim
In genius great as thine ;
This trivial gift of lavish fame ;
—This monumental shrine.

XII.

'Tis unregarded merit's fate
To reap a scanty due ;
'Tis pompous grief attends the Great ;
On thee a worthy Few.

* A record of thy dust.

ON WINTER.

Finished June 17, 1784.

(The Scene taken from Wales.)

I.

NOW Frost invests each waving spray,
In vain the vernal throstle sang;
Now pierc'd by Phœbus' fainter ray,
The crystal pendants* weeping hang.

II.

Couch'd on the mountain's dreary side,
The flocks in contemplation lie;
Mute is the voice of Joy and Pride,
And Want bedims each mournful eye.

III.

In Winter's hoary mantle clad,
Bereft of sustenance and hope,
They muse in meditation sad,
Or crop the scanty rifted slope.

* Icicles.

IV.

No more the bird* of rosy Day,
Exulting, flaps his downy breast ;
And tunes, aloft his grateful lay †
To Harmony and gentle Rest.

V.

Now rough the Boreal Tyrant blows,
Deforms the wood and verdant dale ;
And round the arid foliage throws ‡
Dry, curling, in the rattl'ing gale.

VI.

The low'ring clouds, to hail condens'd,
Descending, sweep the steril ground ;
Or, wide in fleecy snows dispens'd,
Involve the solitary round.

VII.

The fervile blasts his will obey ;
Hills, woods, and limpid streams complain ;
Stern Winter holds his tyrant reign,
And rules with arbitrary sway.

* The Lark. † Or Mattin Lay. ‡ Strews.

*THE EVENING WALK.—TO CONTEMPLA-
TION.*

(The Scene near Ashstead in Surry.)

OFT at ev'ning do I roam,
 Far from village, far from home,
 And rifle, at my pleasure,
 Extatic Fancy's treasure;
 Where the flocks securely graze,
 Tinkling o'er the grassy maze *;
 And the distant steeple's bell,
 Pausing, tolls the solemn knell;
 There I mark the blinking owl,
 Skimming round his mighty prow,
 And the bat in quest of prey,
 (Foe to noise and bustling day)
 Flitting light in antics gay;
 And the night-crow (bird of death!)
 Hov'ring o'er the misty heath;
 And the beetle humming home,
 To his solitary dome.

}

* Alluding to the winding Sheep-tracks met with on Heaths, where these Animals are used to feed; they form Mazes, if you trace their Windings.

With thee, Contemplation meek !
 Meadows gay, and commons bleak ;
 (Haunts far from idle Folly *
 And intrusive Melancholy.)
 Let me trace at closing day,
 When the ruddy streamlets play ;
 When the setting sun retires,
 And the West conceals his fires ;
 Careless of the passing cloud ;
 Thoughtless of the Night's dun shroud :

Where'er I roam, extatic maid,
 To charm the lurid † waste around ;
 Indulgent grant thy cheering aid,
 That all may seem enchanted ground.

From the Count DE BUSSY's Letters,

VOL. I.—Letter 158.

TO A LADY.

ON ne dispute pas la bourse
 Apres avoir donné le cœur.

* Remote from, &c. † Lurid, gloomy---Lurida, &c. &c.

With the purse, uncontested we part,
When already we've yielded the heart.

LAURA's RETURN.

Parcite, ab Urbe venit, jam parcite Carmina, Daphnis.

VIRGIL. Last line, Eclogue 8.

My Muse desist, my Daphnis from the Town returns.

I.

THUS DAMON mourn'd, on Avon's Banks
reclin'd,
Sooth'd by the plaintive murmurs of the stream;
While bending willows caught the breezy wind,
And wav'd responsive to the Shepherd's theme.

II.

" Why flies my LAURA from these flow'ry
plains?

" LAURA, the joy of each enamour'd youth!

" LAURA, the pride of hoary-headed swains!

" The purjur'd she, who vow'd unspotted
truth.

III.

- “ Why shuns th’ inconstant Maid our rural sports?
“ Why scorns our artless mirth and happy
days?
“ Why to the busy crowded town resorts,
“ Where lustful Pride on ruin’d Virtue preys?

IV.

- “ There, rosy charms the thoughtless fair be-
guile,
“ Inviting Rapine, slave to hot desire;
“ There lurks Deceit, with false, betraying smile;
“ There Virtue, Honour, and fair Fame ex-
pire.

V.

- “ Ours are the chearful day, the balmy night,
“ Untouch’d by pallid Envy, conscious Fear;
“ We rise with blithesome hearts, from Slumber’s
light,
“ Unknown to trembling* Guilt, or wealthy
Care.

VI.

- “ Farewell the tuneful pipe and buxom scene!
“ LAURA no more shall grace her DAMON’S
side;
“ No more shall trip the fair enamell’d green
“ In artless innocence, and virgin pride.

* Or restless.

VII.

- " With fairest wreaths my polish'd crook she
hung;
" On fairest trees she carv'd her DAMON's
name;
" She seem'd to smile, attentive while he sung,
" And blush'd consent when he reveal'd his
flame.

VIII.

- " Ah, hapless DAMON ! lovely, cruel maid !
" False as the venal nymph that roams the
town;
" False as the glimm'ring blaze *, in night's dun
shade;
" False as the murky bog, with sedge o'er-
grown."

IX.

Here ceas'd the youth—when o'er the verdant
plain,
Young LAURA trip'd, like Queen of blooming
May;
Hush'd was each grief, and hush'd each mourn-
ful strain,
And all around was sprightly, blythe and gay.

* Jack with the Lantern.

A BACCHIC.

Quid vetat ridentem dicere verum.

But why suppress the jovial Truth.---

I.

GIVE me mirth and give me wine ;
LAIS smiling by my side ;
Then, methinks, I'm man divine,
And can mighty Jove deride.

II.

Brief is life, and briefer joy ;
'Tis not mortals to repine ;
Few can well their span employ ;
None but Vot'ries of the Vine.

III.

TIMON's with all offended,
Sordid GRIFO's slave to pelf ;
Each despis'd and unattended,
Each tormented by himself.

IV.

" TIMON take a chearful glafs ;
" Careful GRIFO do the same ;
" Life with pleasure yet may pass,
" Nor's the World so much to blame."

What

V.

What will wrangling Pedants think,
When I boldly here advance,
That LYCURGUS' self would drink,
And lead up the Spartan dance.

VI.

Ev'n the rev'rend mitred Priest,
(Jove's vicegerent here below!)
In his sacerdotal dress,
Would get drunk as Davy's fow.

VII.

Transient as the vernal bloom
Is the short-liv'd Son of Earth;
Fated to the dreary tomb,
From the hour that signs his birth.

VIII.

Short the bliss our date allows;
Why self-config'n'd to trouble?
Ev'ry wanton breeze that blows
Can dissipate a bubble.

IX.

Gentle CLOTHO, kind and soft!
Would her destin'd task pursue;
But her hasty sister* oft,
Ere the time, divides the clue.

* Atropos.

X.

Then to NYSAS* pow'r divine,
And the rosy Paphian Queen,
(Guardians of the racy vine)
Quaff the bowl, and smile serene.

*PRUDENCE,**

IN ITS GENERAL ACCEPTATION, DEFINED.

Taken from BEN JOHNSON.

WHAT we most falsely call discretion,
Is but deceit in each profession :
A mask, to hide the pravity of heart,
That ev'ry knave may better play his part :
'Tis false, alike, in friendship and in love,
Nor feels those joys more gen'rous virtues prove ;
Cringing to Pow'r, for mean and selfish ends,
Cool and ungrateful, where no more depends.

* Bacchus.

† This prostituted Word Prudence, is rendered so general in its modern Acceptation, as to include very nearly whatever is mean or base, so as any Advantage is thereby gained, either Pecuniary, or that which consists of Credit with Mankind ; in short, wherever we have gained any thing, we have acted Prudently, unless that Gain was mere Casualty, &c.

It seems at others mis'ries to grieve,
 And praise the virtue which it wo'n't relieve;
 Ever ready with some harsh reflection,
 On indolence, or bad connection;
 Starch'd, and reserv'd; affectedly austere;
 Nor, but where int'rest prompts, can be sincere*.
 Try the World's prudence by the fairest test,
 'Tis but a specious knavery at best.

EPIGRAM.

I.

SHOULD you, through generous warmth of
 heart,
 To SCÆVA praise a Friend,
 He'll quick some inuendo start
 To make you discommend.

II.

Thus stands the case—he feels no shame,
 And wonders others should;
 Sworn enemy to honest Fame,
 He hates the man that's* good.

* Or, who's

LOVE and GRANDEUR.

Non bene convenient, nec uno-fede morantur
Majestas & Amor.

I.

GRANDEUR and Love can ne'r agree,
Nor are together found;
Proud Grandeur scoffs at low degree;
Love humbles to the ground.

II.

Thus see our frailties in extremes,
Both opposite in kind;
This Grandeur, much too haughty seems,
And Love much too resigned.

III.

Let Pride advance becoming length;
Blend dignity with ease;
And Love maintain a manly strength,
And each will t'other please.

ON DETRACTION.

Qui invidet, minor est.

I.

WHEN PHILOMEL, beneath the hawthorn
spray,
Melodious trils her liquid note,
Each warbling songster listens to the lay,
And mute Attention holds each throat.

II.

By these shall Man's imperial race be taught ;
The trifling songsters of the grove !
Must he, exalted, shine in borrow'd thought,
And learn another to approve ?

III.

Yes ; Man, detraitive Envy's fordid slave,
Still vainly wrapt in self-conceit,
Can satirize the good—revile the brave,
And fickers at superior wit.

IV.

Learn hence, the meanness of invidious Hate,
Nor basely stab the brighter few ;
It adds fresh splendor to the truly great,
And but reflects disgrace on you.

V.

In vain Detraction's subtle arts you try ;
In vain with little Envy pine ;
The harmless Venom spirits* unheeded by,
For Merit will superior shine.

.....

ON OSSIAN.

A BARB'ROUS age, to scanty bounds confin'd,
The soaring vigour of great OSSIAN's mind,
Gave him to grope the shades of misty night ;
Nor rise beyond the humble sphere of sight :
The waning moon, the musky low'ring heath,
The darting meteor, and the shade of death .†

* Spurts. † The Ghosts or Apparitions of departed Heroes.

Translation from the Trinummus of PLAUTUS.

PHILTO TO LESBONIUS.

THE Gods are rich, and pomp and wealth become

Them; but we, vile clods of earth, the vital
Seas'ning of the soul extinct, are levell'd
In condition; the Beggar, and the richest
Citizen on earth are equal deem'd in
Census of the state of Acheron.

.....

PLAUTUS in his Prologue to his *Trinummus*, introduces LUXURY sending her Daughter WANT to the house of a young SPENDTHRIFT.

LUXURY—

ATTEND, and you shall know my business
here :

This house contains a forward Spark, who by

My

My assistance has consum'd his fortune;
And as I find ther's nothing now for me
To batten on, I've left his house, and giv'n
Him *POVERTY*, my daughter, for his age's
Comfort.

THE POET'S WISH.

I.

NOT mine, Ambition's bloated pride to greet,
(Untutor'd in Submission's supple lore,)
Or bending, at Oppression's lordly feet,
To lay the fasces of unbounded Power.

II.

Grant me to range where modest worth, resign'd
Neglected, dwells with Innocence and Truth;
To hear the tale that melts the feeling mind,
And mark the blushes of ingenuous youth.

III.

Far from the torrent of tempestuous life,
On bounteous Nature's fragrant bosom laid,
I'll smile at Folly, laugh at Envy's strife,
And court the Muses in sequester'd shade.

When

IV.

When Death consigns me to primæval clay,
 Then kindly yield me to the parent earth;
 Nor mark the spot, officious, where I lay,
 But be my end forgotten as my birth.

FROM HORACE.

SOME thro' the deep, presumptuous guide
 The bounding vessel o'er the tide;
 Some on the gilded chariot roll
 In quest of blifs beneath the pole.
 Vain trouble! unavailing strife!
 This trifling bustle of a restless life.
 Fix but the discontented mind,
 And what you search, behold consign'd
 To mean ULUBRA'S calm retreat;
 —Unclouded blifs, and ease complete;
 'Tis here, 'tis there, and may be found
 In any station, and on any ground.

HORACE

HORACE'S EPISTLES,

Bk. II.—Letter 2.

Line 87 & passim----Scit natale Genus, &c.

THE potent Genius that presides,
Companion to our natal star;
Our ev'ry future action guides,
In peace, in pleasure, and in war;
He knows our worth from dawning youth;
Each vice or virtue of the mind;
If to sincerity and truth,
Or to each subtle art inclin'd.

HORACE'S EPISTLES,

Bk. I.—Letter 10.

Line 81----Dente Theonino, &c.

WHEN Slander's venom'd tooth an ab-
sent Friend
Attacks, be yours his honour to defend;
Who knows where Defamation's course may
end!

}

A com-

A common int'rest, then, demands your care,
And you, with reason, for yourself may fear :
When flames your own vicinity invade,
Impending Peril prompts a ready aid.

Lemurum cognomine Gaudent. Addison.

I.

YON flow'ry mead that skirts the woodland's
side,
In Nature's rich embroider'd robe array'd ;
Where daffodils display their golden pride,
And purple vi'lets scent the fragrant shade.

II.

There, oft at twilight, unobserv'd, I stray,
And muse in transport on the blooming scene ;
Or breathe the pipe, or chaunt the rustic lay,
Slowly saunt'ring o'er the magic green :

III.

Till awful Silence wraps this globe, I roam,
And the silv'ry Moon, ascending high,
Darts thro' the fable Night's unfriendly gloom
The glancing beam, that opes the spangl'd sky.

IV.

There oft aerial Melody I hear,
Most sweetly warbling thro' the silken gale;
There oft, in gaudy glitt'ring dress appear,
The pigmy Genii of this verdant dale.

V.

Around their Queen, bedeck'd with flowry wreaths,
Gay, sportive Fays, the mystic circlet tread,
While thro' still air the dulcet music breathes,
Soft as the murmurs of the trembling* reed;

VI.

Soft as th' Æolian† lyre's enchanting sound,
When balmy Zephyr fans th' elastic strings,
And gentlest Modulation wafts around,
In whisp'ring cadence from his downy wings.

VII.

Strangely accordant to harmonious ease,
Each raptur'd Fairy tunes the vocal strain:
Unknown the tongue; but great the pow'r to please;
And in the gloom of night the vagrant foot detain.

* Or shaken.

† Or Eolian.

VIII.

Amid her band the Queen superior tow'rs ;
Adown her neck her flaxen tresses play ;
A crown and sceptre mark her regal pow'rs,
And, as she wills, the sprightly train obey.

IX.

Her port majestic, and commanding air,
Exalted lineage speak, and kingly race ;
Fairest she shines, tho' all indeed are fair,
Surpassing female charms, or mortal grace.

TO A FRIEND.

ON THE SUBJECT OF CHARITY.

Decipimur Specie—

I.

BUDS there no Rose, neglected and forlorn ?
Sighs there no Merit, to the World unknown ?
Or worse—by pamper'd Pride's inclement scorn,
Condemn'd to pine in Plenty's smiling zone :

II.

Condemn'd, a shiv'ring mendicant, to wait,
In tatter'd garb, with low, dejected mein;
Obsequious, trembling, at some lordly gate,
A cheerless vagrant midst the pompous scene:

III.

There to luxurious Ease; unwelcome Truth!
How Fortune shifts her giddy wheel, display;
Relate how gaily smil'd his lusty youth;
How weak, how poor, his age's late decay;

IV.

How jocund once, ere Day's reviving dawn
With Orient purple ting'd the spangl'd ground,
He rose to bless the light of op'ning morn,
And all was peace and harmony around.

V.

Tho' Vice ne'er lent her all-consuming hand;
Anxious to dissipate each fair domain;
Tho' frowning Fortune gave the stern command,
And sunk him with the houseless vagrant train:

VI.

Tho' ev'ry culture lib'ral Science knows;
Tho' ev'ry virtue warms his gen'rous breast,
For him no more the stream of comfort flows;
No bounteous hand affords the bed of rest.

VII.

Shall then to Wealth th' unpity'd wretch com-
plain,

How thoughtless Fortune shifts her giddy wheel?
Intrusive lesson, to the gay and vain,

Where venal Flatt'ry spreads the filken veil.*

VIII.

Weeps there no widow in the lone retreat

Of dank, unwholesome, roofless cottage pent,
Whose pallid frame scarce feels the vital heat;

A cheerless† object, o'er some dying ember's
bent?

IX.

Yet she, perhaps, sad thought! of spotless life

Could tell; how gaily smil'd her vernal years;

A tender mother, most engaging wife,

Tho' now consign'd to penury and tears:

X.

Still rich, in modest Virtue's noble pride,

She scorns th' intruding Beggar's canting moan;

Her decent care, her penury to hide;

Or take with grateful diffidence the proffer'd
boon.

* Who from Adversity ne'er learnt to feel. † Shivering, or bloodless.

XI.

Too oft, my friend, in Sorrow's lone retreat,
The penfive widow drops the silent tear ;*
Too oft, alas ! at Wealth's unfriendly gate,
Unpity'd sues the hoary Son of Care.†

XII.

Some sturdy caitif, indolent and loud ;
Some wily wretch of Egypt's ‡ palming train,
Purloins each bounty from the passing crowd,
While real § Mis'ry sighs, or pleads in vain ||.

XIII.

It asks, my friend, Discernment's piercing eye,
The various arts of needy man to know ;
The Wand'rer's cant, the keen Impostor's lye,
And all the treasur'd implements ¶ of woe.

XIV.

Unfaithful *Moor* some mystic truths reveal'd,
To steal with doubts each candid, gen'rous heart:
Oh, had his conscious breast each guile conceal'd,
That marks the needy brother's shameless art.

XV.

Full many a sturdy ITHACUS you'll find,
In tatter'd garb and stody'd filth array'd ;
Full many an honest heart to Want consign'd,
That scorns the thankless vagrant's juggling trade.

* Or, the penfive widow's silent sorrows flow.

† Or, unpity'd sues the hoary son of woe.

‡ Gypsies.

§ Genuine.

|| Or, whilst Wretchedness unfeign'd must plead in vain.

¶ Bandages and other necessary Implements of the Vocation. See *Bamfield Moor Carew*.

TO FANCY.

I.

PROLIFIC Fancy—still attend,
Sweet wanton, airy shade,
A care-worn mortal's wish befriend,
Who courts thy potent aid.

II.

Thy gentle magic, Oh ! impart,
That lulls the sense of grief;
That calms the restless, throbbing heart,
And brings the mind relief.

III.

Be thine, to whisper soothing Peace ;
Each anxious thought destroy ;
To bid conflicting passions cease,
Or turn to springs of joy.

IV.

Thy pow'r Distraction's self beguiles ;
Each opiate balm distils ;
By thee, the wretch contented smiles,
Nor feels the present ills.

'Twas

V.

'Twas thou, on HOMER's darken'd light,
Could pour the visual ray ;
Could cheer his age and wasted light,
And ope poetic day.

VI.

'Twas thou, the wond'rous song* inspir'd,
That caught the infant gaze ;
When rude, untutor'd Greece admir'd,
And lis'd the voice of praise.

VII.

'Twas thou, the Jasper gates unbarr'd,
When MILTON's soul survey'd
The dread Eternal's countless guard,
The Seraph band array'd.

VIII.

Lur'd on by thee in youthful pride ;
(Gay Nature's vernal bloom,)
We wanton, blythe, on Pleasure's tide,
Regardless of our doom.

IX.

How sweetly steal the Halcyon hours ;
In vain each end we miss ;
Each soft ideal joy is ours,
If Fancy stamps the bliss.

* The Iliad.

X.

Oh, wrapt in fleecy clouds, descend,
As falls the gentle dew ;
Benignant, still my couch attend ;
Auspicious sprite, adieu.

ON A FRIEND.

NOT born to competence, nor blest'd with ease,
But rich in every genuine art to please ;
Untutor'd Reason flowing from his tongue ;
And mild Persuasion on each accent hung.

THE BIRTH OF RAGE.

IN the stormy conflict's roar,
When the billows lash'd the shore,

K

An

And the vessels burst in twain,
 Lab'ring thro' the gulphy main;
 Thousands for mercy craving,
 Frantic Terror wildly raving;
 When the earth, in hideous flaws
 Open'd wide its massy jaws;
 Creeping riv'lets pouring wide,
 Danube's ever restless tide;
 Stately snow-clad mountains hoar,
 Tott'ring to the Thunder's roar;
 Craggy heaps, like patt'ring hail,
 Rending down the fertile vale;
 Ætna's bubbling crater streaming;
 Glancing lightning, dreadful gleaming:
 'Mid this elemental jar,
 (Crash of universal war)
 CHAOS old, in am'rous mood,
 Gorgon-crested HECATE woo'd,
 In a rocky dell profound,
 Near Cimmeria's twilight bound;
 And in floods of direful joy,
 Got this fierce terrific boy;
 Fear, and curse of ev'ry age,
 And call'd the wond'rous urchin RAGE:
 Fate attended at his birth;
 Hail'd malign, the pest of Earth;
 And triumphal PÆANS sung
 'Till each region round her rung;
 Loud as Fame's her thundering note;
 Harsh the music of her throat;*

* Or, the discord of her throat.

Horror rear'd her bloodless head;
Wildly star'd, and swiftly fled,

Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

I.

GRANT me, Supreme! a soul sincere,
Where soft Humanity, refin'd,
Still prompts the sigh, the starting tear
For all the mis'ries of my kind.

II.

Ne'er let the wretched wand'rer turn
Reluctant from my stubborn door;
Ne'er let my pride indignant spurn,
Or frown, oppressive, on the Poor.

III.

May still the friendless widow's sigh,
The sad deserted orphan's grief,
Nor heave the breast, nor roll the eye,
In vain expectation of relief.

IV.

With lib'ral hand, and open heart,*
May I the bounteous boon dispense ;
Dispel the tear, and ease the smart,
And smile, and self-approving sense.

V.

Each thought of wealth I here resign ;
The golden pomp and pageant state ;
Squar'd to this rule, my life confine ;
The truly-feeling are the Great.

VI.

When marble tombs shall speak no more ;
When age deforms the sculptor's trace ;
Then Heav'n shall ope its richest store,
And Charity erect her smiling face.

VII.

The blooming Maid, exulting, springs
To reach the bright, eternal goal ;
Like PHŒNIX waves her snowy wings,
And hails to just Reward, each gentle soul.

* Vide, Gray for liberal hand and open heart.

Vincet amor Patriæ, laudumque immensa Cupid..
Virg. *Ænead* vi. l. 823.

I.

WHAT tho' PELIDES' wond'rous rage inspires
With martial flame, unthinking youth,
'Tis gen'rous HECTOR's nobler valour fires
The steady soul of patriot Truth.

II.

How mean, alas! to boast Herculean force ;
The lawless Mercenary's pride ;
A hireling wretch, regardless of the source,
Whence flows fair Honour's sacred tide.

III.

Some giant AJAX, tow'ring o'er the field,
The senseless pageant of a day ;
Titanian members, and a sev'n-fold shield,
May, mid the scatter'd rout, display ;

IV.

But should some random shaft this giant size,
In War's uncertain hour, arrest,
In dust this mighty Molech grov'ling lies,
And Fame scarce ranks him with a beast :

Or,

V.

Or, should no random shaft in evil hour,
In dust his Gorgon-tresses soil,
Small hopes has he of delegated pow'r ;
What honours wait the champion's toil ?

VI.

Sublime the glories of the Patriot's soul,
His country's ready guard confest,
His name shall stand on Fame's eternal roll,
Fair and indelibly imprest :

VII.

By age unfully'd shall the record stand;
To all succeeding annals dear ;
Till ever restless Time's revolving hand
Wind out the philosophic year.*

* See Macrobius, on Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis* for the Philosophic Year; it is Fifteen Thousand. See *Somnium Scipionis*, Book 2d, Chapter II. called the Year of Revolution, or Mundane Year, explaining Plato's *Tenets*.

THE ADVERTISEMENT OF QUEEN MAB.

LOST, in the mist of foggy Night,
 A little, dapper, wanton, Sprite;
 Who, roving from the Fairy train,
 In midst of dew-enspangl'd plain,
 Her little, vagrant steps mislaid,
 With flippant air, and mincing tread,
 Unto the gloomy drizzling cell,
 Of shrivell'd Hag, or Wizard fell,
 As is suppos'd, and thence convey'd
 In magic whirlwind thro' the shade,
 To the proudly crested city,
 Foe to Innocence and Pity;
 Where Prostitution walks the street,
 With leering eye, and dimpling greet;
 Where Bacchus' sons discordant roar,
 Assault the Watch, and bilk the W--re;
 Where meagre Usury still draws
 Dishonest wealth with harpy claws;
 Runs the young Heir, with blood-hound scent,
 To lend him cash at cent per cent:
 Where greatest Knaves would rule the State,
 And quicken Britain's ling'ring fate.

There

There the Lads of jocund bubble,
 Laugh at Care, and sneer at Trouble,
 And in one wild confusion's hurl'd
 The motley bus'ness of the world.
 Whoe'er will bring her safe again
 To Mab, our Queen, on Sarum's plain,
 Near th' antient Druid's wond'rous fane;
 With sprightly dance, and melting tune,
 Shall claim this great and royal boon.
 A glossy mantle, azure dy'd,
 And speck'd with Ermine's snowy pride;
 By subtle spider finely wove,
 When Phœbe rode full-orb'd above,
 And glanc'd thro' wood and twilight grove:
 Resplendent scale of dragon-fly,
 Bright, glitt'ring to the ruddy sky;
 The golden May-bug's gleaming mail,
 And striped shell of horned Snail;
 A crystal goblet, richly gilt,
 And sword of Wasp, with di'mond hilt:
 Nine sparkling grains of purest ore,
 From limpid Tago's yellow shore;
 The shaggy spoils of Cambr'an louse;
 A trophy fit for Lei'ster-house!
 From god-like TUDOR's head 'twas scratch'd,
 As once he slept in sty well thatch'd;
 For TUDOR, Prince of matchless worth!
 Was forc'd to things beneath his birth.
 Nay more; they ne'er shall know the want
 Of golden GEORGE, or silver scant.

Mortals!

Mortals! these costly gifts attend,
 Whoe'er shall bring, or kindly send,
 The little Wanton home again,
 Lightly tripping o'er the daizy'd plain :
 But should she drop a pearly tear,
 Or shew the signs of guilty fear;
 Tell her 'tis her Queen's decree
 That she return, correction free.

Postscript, or Nota Bene.

Our Queen her greatest treasures proffers—
 And most may spurn these noble offers;
 But to the Virtuoso's warmer breast,
 Matters like these can never seem a jest.

THE UNFORTUNATE.

Sunt Lachrymæ Rerum. VIRGIL.

FOSTER'D from tenderest Youth, by doating
 Age,
 And cast, unguarded, on the various stage
 Of checquer'd life; where Vice, attractive form!
 L Deludes

Deludes the eye, and guides the latent storm ;
Where, hapless, open, Youth, too oft betray'd ;
Too oft, by Folly's Siren dictates sway'd ;
Sinks, a lamented victim, to the tomb ;
While palsy'd Age, deplores the hasty doom ;
Or scenes of serious vice his thoughts engage,
That brood repentance for declining Age.
Such fate, alas ! was mine, in youthful pride ;
No steady Mentor, no experienc'd Guide,
To mark the shoals, and point the dang'rous }
tide ;
Thro' the dark wave, my tott'ring vessel steer'd ;
Turn'd with each current, with each zephyr veer'd ;
Then bulg'd, on rocky shelves, and quick-sand^s
hurl'd,
And left me, sad dependent, on a reckless World.

LYCID'S RETURN.

Obrepat non intellecta Senectas. HORACE.

I.

HOW chang'd yon hamlet! once the smiling feat,
With Ease, with Mirth, with rosy Plenty crown'd,
Where Innocence had fix'd her calm retreat,
With blythe Content, that leads the sportive
round *;

Where

* Of Pleasure.

II.

Where ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry rural Grace,
With sprightly transport hail'd the saffron morn;
The pride of Wisdom and the charms of Face,
And all that can ennoble or adorn.

III.

There, first my vagrant fancy learnt to stray;
Fancy, the restless nurse of future woe!
To foreign regions mark'd the splendid way;
Bad me be rich—be happy—bad me go.

IV.

Fallacious bait! ah fond alluring hope!
That points the gay, the visionary bliss;
Nor kindly marks the dark insidious slope
That leads to black Adversity's abyss:

V.

A captive long, thy adamant chain
I wore, convinc'd, perhaps too late, at last
Each anxious toil, and ev'ry wish, how vain
That Chance o'er-rules, and Fortune's breath
may blast.

VI.

Oft, as yon solitary path I tread,
There, musing, drop the unavailing tear;
Just tribute this, to grace th' unhonour'd dead,
To Friendship sacred, and to Friendship dear.

VII.

Officious still, with retrospective glance,
Fair Mem'ry conns their blameless annals o'er;
The legendary tale, the blythsome dance,
Where each his part in sober mirth has bore :

VIII.

Or when, in wanton pride of ruby May,
Deck'd with the various blossom's wreathy crown,
Thro' flow'ry meads, they lead the winding way,
Till, Night returning, spread her mantle brown.

IX.

Thus LUBIN tun'd the reed—thus COLIN sung,
(She whispers soft)—thus DAMON's sprightly
mirth,
Unenvious, round the rustic satire flung,
Or gave some merry fancy graceful birth.

X.

While Mem'ry thus her grateful task pursues;
And faithful paints each jocund youthful scene;
While thus along the solemn path I muse,
Lost to the horrors of the dreary green ;

XI.

“ Thro' fable yews these hollow murmurs seem
“ To glide, and check the sigh that swells my
“ breast ;
“ Cease, Mourner ! nor arraign thy God supreme ;
“ Nor idly weep for those that sweetly rest.
“ Shor

XII.

" Short date prescribes the scanty life of man ;
" Few are the days to Misery consign'd ;—
" Tis Virtue, only, can improve the span
" Of short probation, by thy God design'd.

XIII.

" Employ the giddy moments as they fly ;
" Vain Grief, and idle Contemplation shun ;
" Thy unattended doom, perhaps, is nigh,
" Ere thou the course of Virtue half hast run."

AN ADDRESS TO FREEDOM.

WHETHER recumbent at th' ambrosial feast,
With chaplets crown'd, a fair refulgent guest
You sit ; or on some milky cloud elate,
Ponder revolving years, and Britain's fate ;
And from celestial heights, majestic smile,
To view the trophies of thy sea-girt isle ;
The standards, erst from stern Iberians borne,
Or from the vaunting Gaul in triumph torn :
Some emanation of thy fire bestow ;
Teach thou my breast with gen'rous warmth to
glow : Let

Let me with bolder fingers sweep the lyre,
 And to the deep Orthyan sound aspire ;*
 With Freedom's praise let vocal hills resound,
 And gurgling streams re-murmur back the sound :
 The swelling notes shall raptur'd Britain hear,
 Pause on the sound, and lend th' attentive ear.
 Ev'n now I feel thy fierce extatic fire ;
 Ev'n now my fingers sweep the trembling lyre, }
 —'Tis Freedom calls, and Freedom shall inspire. }

And now to Fancy's eye the Spartan train appear,
 Knit the stern brow, and grasp the beamy spear ;
 Then rush, devoted, to the straighten'd plain,
 Where THIRMA's tepid streams enrich the main†, }
 To heap the crowded pass with mountains of }
 the slain. }

One chief, resplendent, gleams immortal Day‡,
 Excites to deathless deeds, and leads the way ;
 His tow'ring helmet darts bright dazzling rays ;
 His polish'd targe emits the solar blaze ;
 His brandish'd sword the line of slaughter guides :
 Dreadful as MARS! o'er breathless heaps he strides.
 But say, my Muse, what thoughts their minds possess'd,

As down the nodding steep the warriors press'd :
 —Their Wives and Infants now no longer share }
 The swelling sigh, and soft parental tear ; }
 —Hush'd is Affection and each partial Care|| :

* See POPE, the loud Orthyan Song ; a Song suited to Martial Music ; see HOMER's Iliad.

† The warm Streams of Thermopylæ. ‡ Leonidas. || Or, private.

Each narrow, mean, inglorious thought resign'd,
To Greece alone adverts each ardent mind.

Ah! never to return! the heroes go,
Devoted victims to the realms below!

Conscious of fate, to dare th' unnumber'd foe.

Each panting warrior burns to yield his breath;
And dates his country's freedom from his death.

The pious rites prepar'd, the victim's slain*;

Their dauntless Chief address'd the martial train:

"Ere yet Destruction whelms yon dastard Host,

"And abject Persia mourns her myriads lost;

"Snatch we, my Friends, this sacred, short repast;

"And thank the Gods it is decreed the last:

"This night shall PLUTO hail† each warlike guest‡,

"Entwin'd with laurels at the nectar'd feast."

Thus spoke their Chief, LEONIDAS the great§;

Applauding murmurs on the Hero wait.

Thus, when the sun meridian height attains,

And all around the sultry vapour reigns;

The humming murmurs echo thro' the hive;

Now here, now there, the restless vagrants drive||;

Then, sudden rush, a black'ning swarm on high;

And float in millions on the liquid sky.

—Such the dread horrors of that glorious day;

—So brave the souls that spurn'd oppressive sway.

* The Spartans, like all the Ancients, sacrificed just before the Fight; and it was to the Muses that the Spartans sacrificed.

† By hail I mean, bid welcome, praise, salute, or compliment.

‡ Leonidas told his Spartans, that they should that Night sup with Pluto.

§ The Spartans maintained this Fast for two whole Days, and in honour of the Action, the Leonideca (a Festival) was instituted, with Games, at which none but free-born Spartans were permitted to contend.—See POTT's Antiquities of Greece, Vol. I. p. 411. At this Festival, which was Anniversary, there was also an Oration spoke, in Public, in praise of Leonidas.

|| The Bees swarming.

Ev'n drowfy THEBES thy voice, O Freedom!
heard;

And, with unwonted majesty appear'd :
Call'd forth, alarm'd, her firm fraternal train,*
To deeds of arms, and Leuctra's bloody plain.
Mantineia's field, awhile delay'd the stroke†
Of hov'ring Destiny, and Slav'ry's yoke.
Short respite ! now her daring Genius gone,
Indignant Freedom spurn'd th' incestuous Town:‡
With him the setting ray of glory dy'd,||
The Spartan terror, and Bæotia's pride ;
Then fell Corruption quench'd th' expiring flame,
And to proverbial Dulness sunk the Theban name:
Returning Tyranny impos'd her yoke,
And THEBES, inglorious, humbl'd to the stroke ;
Thus, some tall tree, by angry thunder riv'n,
Or, parch'd by blasts, o'er Eastern deserts driv'n:
The stubborn heart a languid spark retains ;
Then thro' the pores the ling'ring current drains;§
Swells into bud, and fills the shrivell'd veins :
Smooth on the breezy gale the branches glide,
Shoot into growth, and spread their foliage wide :
Not long the wasting trunk maintains the strife ;
—This mock prosperity, this dying life.

* Read PLUTARCH of the famous fraternal Band of Thebans; it was called the Sacred Band, and never was beat till the Battle of Ghæroneæ, against Philip; it consisted of 300—See POTTER's Antiquities of Greece, Vol. II. Chap. 9. Book 4.

† Wherein Epaminondas was slain; he gained Leuctra, and this Mantinea, although he lost his Life.—I do not mention Pelopidas.

‡ I allude to the Story of Œdipus.

|| Epaminondas—for soon after Pelopidas fell.

§ The Sap.

The vital sap no longer swells its veins ;
 Its leafy honours strew the distant plains.
 Thus, dead to Freedom, sunk the Theban state,
 With scarce a vestige that it had been great.
 Nor frown, fair Athens ! for thy injur'd fame* ;
 Transcendent honours grace thy mighty name ;
 Thy Solon charms each late revolving age,
 And unimpair'd remains thy PLATO's page†.
 That sage, whose lessons long inspir'd thy youth ;
 The faultless victim to exalted Truth‡ !
 —Thy SOCRATES—each God-like virtue taught ;
 Curb'd the licentious act and swelling thought ;
 In steady reins the boiling passions held,
 And to vain man his inward self reveal'd :
 This Heav'n-descended truth—he taught—reveres§,
 To know thyself includes thy business here.
 Thy flow'ry green wise|| ARISTOTLE trod,
 Who look'd through Nature up to Nature's God¶.
 Pourtray'd each living charm, each living grace ;
 And to just symmetry assign'd its space.
 Good ARISTIDES guards thy Solon's laws,
 And arms for Freedom, as the noblest cause** :

* In not being placed first.

† You see I have not placed these Sages chronologically.

‡ Socrates is thought to have conceived better of the Deity than any other—besides his Morality, a philosophic Truth, is not doubted to be founded on Sincerity ; and he died for his Doctrines.

§ It was written on the Frontal of the Delphic Temple of Apollo—Know thyself. And Socrates greatly recommended this Advice ; more especially so in bringing Philosophy, before confounded in Metaphysical Disquisition, to a Moral Disquisition of Mankind.

|| Read sage. ¶ PORE. ** Read justest.

None of antiquity a fairer name
 Can boast ; or found a more exalted claim,
 To deathless honours, and eternal fame :
 Oft hath thy forum on his accents hung,
 And caught the glowing rapture from his tongue :
 Oft, dreadful, thund'ring in the bloody field,
 His sword has taught thy stubborn foe to yield.
 Each future age shall own him great and just ;
 And late Posterity revere his dust.
 But now, attentive, view that form divine*,
 Where manly grace with youthful beauty join !
 Can aught but Virtue's love that breast controul?
 Can aught but patriot zeal inflame that soul † ?
 Socratic lectures scarce his soul could tame,
 To love of Virtue, and the fear of Shame !
 Capricious, bold, incontinent, and vain ;
 His country's glory, or his country's bane !
 His boiling rage now threatens his native wall,
 And conscious Athens totters to her fall :
 In Persia's court, a proud, luxurious fool,
 Austere in Sparta, to LYCURGUS' rule ‡ ;
 His various mind to ev'ry custom bent ;
 Still most on gaiety and vice intent :
 Like some vile pest, cut off by sword and flames§,
 He left a clouded glory, and a doubtful fame.
 Unhappy NICIAS claims a gentle tear,
 And yet remains to Glory's annals dear.

* Alcibiades.

† Or read, Inform that Soul---from Mr. POPE, who uses inform in that Sense.

‡ Read the Life of this Proteus Alcibiades, and see how he could conform to the Customs of every Place he went to,

§ Read the Death of Alcibiades, in PLUTARCH.

What, tho' Revenge had doom'd thy guiltless head*!
 The secret craft the vengeful arrow sped;
 Thy hapless fate but warms each gen'rous breast,
 With tender Sympathy for Worth distressed.
 When Virtue sinks, the Libertine's lew'd sport,
 We feel compassion of the softest sort.
 Thy PERICLES with boundless virtue glows,
 And twofold wreaths entwine mild Cimon's brows†:
 Each palm to great THEMISTOCLES belongs,
 Who fights for ATHENS, 'midst his mighty wrongs‡:
 A self-devoted exile CONON goes;
 O'er-match'd and vanquish'd by thy Spartan foes§,
 From distant kingdoms leads a gen'rous train,
 (Burning with Patriot zeal and four disdain)
 Breaks the mean yoke, and snaps the galling chain. }
 His welcome aid confirm'd the gen'rous plan,
 And finish'd what THRASYBULUS began:
 Thy fate MILTRADES I must conceal,
 Nor aught injurious to thy country tell:
 To Liberty and Fame these notes I raise,
 Nor wish to censure, where I cannot praise:

* Alcibiades and Pericles got Nicias appointed to an Expedition, which they thought must fail, partly out of Hatred, and partly out of Self-security. The Matter failed; Nicias lost his Life, and his Glory suffered considerably, since the most illiberal Scoffs pursued his Character.

† He gained two Victories in one Day, one Naval, on the Coast of Persia, and the other on the Land, in Persia.

‡ He was exiled, took refuge in the Persian Court, and was splendidly entertained there, but poisoned himself rather than take Arms against his Country, when pressed by the King of Persia.

§ Conon, being beaten when General of the Athenians, to avoid being banished by the Ostracism (the Fate of unfortunate Generals) went into voluntary Exile, and returned, like Camillus, to retrieve his Honour, and conquer for his Country. You see that I have placed nothing chronologically; because, when Alcibiades and Pericles got the Ostracism influted on a mean Fellow, the Athenians dropped it because they had degraded it; it being intended only for Men of the first Distinction; it was a Punishment or Acquittal by the Votes of the whole State.

Accept, great shade, a Briton's sigh, sincere;
 Nor urge the Muse to act the part severe.
 Ah Athens! glorious City! happy State!
 Had but thy citizens been just as great:
 Had steady Virtue been thy constant guide,
 Thy stately walls had raging time defy'd,
 Nor sunk corrupted in the common tide. }
 Thy genius then had quench'd young AMMON's*
 flame,
 And cur'd his raving thirst of tyrant fame.
 Nor, yet confin'd, the bright effulgent shone,
 But gleam'd, unbounded, as the cheering sun;
 Thy boast, fair Corinth, great TIMOLEON stood,
 And drench his Patriot steel in kindred blood;
 His gentle soul abhor'd the horrid deed,
 And wept the Brother while the Tyrant bled †.
 Not Hospitality, nor Friendship's name,
 Could quench in DION Freedom's sacred flame;
 By mild philosophy he strove t' assuage ‡
 The furious sallies of tyrannic rage:
 Reluctant long, the vengeful blade he draws,
 And dooms the tyrant victim to insulted laws.
 To other strains now tune the sounding string,
 Immortal Rome, and matchless heroes sing:
 Let venal Bards, in prostituted verse,
 The Julian triumphs, Julian deeds rehearse §;
 With victor wreaths despotic brows adorn,
 And trophys from expiring Freedom torn;

* Alexander. † THOMPSON'S Seasons.

‡ Dion not only strove to reclaim Dionisius, but even sent for Plato to Syracuse to try his Eloquence on him, but all was ineffectual.

§ Julius Cæsar.

Or,

Or, sing young AMMON on the Granic flood,
 Smiling at Slaughter, prodigal of blood* :
 Gods ! shall aspiring villains grasp the meed,
 To Freedom's sons alone by Heav'n decreed ?
 Yet, such there are, who, lost to honest shame,
 Can sanctify the lawless despot's claim †.
 Hear CATILINE from Styx, abyss profound ‡,
 By such thy infamy with fame is crown'd.
 Let such erect for thee the glorious shrine,
 And prostrate fall before thy form divine.
 We spurn the servile bands, and rebel crew :
 We, firm as CATO, to the vanquish'd true,
 Expiring Liberty and POMPEY mourn ;
 Here melt with Pity, there indignant Scorn.
 Forgive, great shade ! Compassion's modest veil,
 That would thy failings, as thy fate conceal.
 Too meanly proud AUGUSTUS to obey,
 Low bent, stern Romans, to imperial sway :
 Mild tyrant ! ever gentle, great, and good !
 What sumptuous gifts thy lib'ral hand bestow'd !
 What courtly Bards resound thy deathless praise !
 What servile hands thy gorgeous trophies raise !
 What gifts were gen'rous to thy mighty gains ?
 Thy country ransack'd, and a world in chains !
 Unthinking Rome ! majestic, ruin'd slave.
 Augustan glories prove thy Freedom's grave.

* Borrowed from an Author forgotten. † Or justify.

‡ The mentioning Catiline here, however hackneyed the Observation or Allusion, may not be improper at a Time when we are over-run with Reformers.

The glowing warmth, the gen'rous patriot fire ;
 The glorious rage, the just indignant ire ;
 To cooler climes, and happier isles retire. }
 Was it for this your patriot leaders fought !
 For this your ever-watchful Senate thought !
 Where is thy spirit now, thy dauntless host !
 The world's dread terror, and thy greatest boast !
 Thy Alban fathers, whose majestic grace,
 And hoary grandeur match'd th' etherial race ?
 'Twas rev'rend NUMA, whose religious zeal,
 Reform'd thy laws, and taught thee to excel ;
 Great TULLUS, fir'd with dazzling Glory's charms
 That spread thy name, and rais'd thy infant arms ;
 BRUTUS, whose zeal thy regal bondage broke,
 Taught thee disdain of wanton TARQUIN's yoke ;
 And fix'd thy common-wealth, supremely great !
 Above imperial Pow'r or scepter'd State ;
 Hence all thy virtues, all thy grandeur came ;
 Hence, Kings astonish'd, heard the Roman name.
 Too sternly just ! ah ! too severely great * !
 His steady judgment doom'd his children's fate ;
 Unmov'd, beheld the blooming Rebels bleed ;
 And in the consul all the Fathers fled :
 Envy has blacken'd o'er the deed with shame,
 Tainted his worth with vile Ambition's name,
 And breath'd her venom o'er his sacred fame†. }
 Compos'd thy dauntless SCÆVOLA could stand,
 And burn in hallow'd flames his erring hand :
 COCLES alone the crowded pass maintain'd,
 Then swam the Tyber and the city gain'd ;

* See VIRGIL, *Æneid* 6. Line 822. † Or, O'er the Patriot's Fame.

The ruin'd bridge PORSENNA's course delays,
 And, anxious Tyber, heaves augmented seas.
 Hail, great CAMILLUS ! firm, undaunted soul !
 No fordid love that bosom could controul :
 From banish'd Infamy thy vengeance broke,
 And sav'd thy country from th' impending stroke ;
 Rush'd, like some guardian God, t' avert her fall,
 And snatch the ransom from th' aspiring Gaul.
 From peasant toil thy CINCINNATUS came ;
 Repell' thy foes, nor ask'd the wreath of Fame :
 Return'd untainted to his rustic joy,
 Nor caught Ambition from his vast employ* :
 Him, as with dripping brows, and aching hands,
 He till'd his ancient patrimonial lands† ;
 The Roman LiCTOR from his plough withdrew,
 And o'er his back th' imperial mantle threw ‡ :
 Scarce by his country's kind § distinction won ;
 Reluctantly he left the work undone ||,
 Slowly retir'd, and sigh'd for acres yet un-
 sown.

FABRICIUS was in poverty rever'd,
 Kings priz'd his virtues, and his courage fear'd :
 Ev'n Nature's wants his frugal soul repress'd,
 And, without wealth, he seem'd of all possess'd.
 One silver cup was all the Hero's store ;
 For pious use he kept that sacred ore ¶.

* Dictator, an absolute and uncontrou'd Power, and might have erected itself into a Tyranny, but happily the Innocence of the Times were not favourable to such Advantages.

† Or read, his old hereditary Lands.

‡ I call it imperial, because it was the Dictator's Mantle of Command.

§ Read, just Distinction. || Or, his Work.

¶ He kept this Cup for Sacrifice.

But

But who shall sing thy REGULUS's chains,
 His patriot sufferings, and his burning pains !
 His bleeding eye-balls from their sockets bor'd,
 His trembling limbs by Punic daggers gor'd ;
 His patient constancy, his fearless heart,
 That scorn'd his pangs, and spurn'd the raging
 smart.

Nor could dejected Rome his zeal restrain ;
 Nor all the sorrows of his kindred train ;
 Not his fond hapless Comfort, drown'd in tears,
 Nor the dear pledges of his prosp'rous years :
 Disdainful stood the Chief, nor inly* mourn'd,
 Reprov'd their weakness, and to Carthage turn'd.
 Nor think I here forget th' illustrious band,
 As rang'd in fair Historic rank they stand :
 Thy SCIPIO's fame, renown'd in Punic wars ;
 Thy gen'rous GRACCHI, mark'd with honest scars,
 Thy FABII, DECII too, whose taintless blood,
 For Rome in many a rapid torrent flow'd ;
 But, ah ! my hand reluctant yields the lyre,
 To more exalted bards, and purer fire.
 Preserve, my Britain, thy unrival'd worth ;
 Best lov'd by Freedom of the States on earth :
 While others crouch beneath Oppression's rod,
 And pay base homage to some earthly God ;
 Thy prudent laws, an equal guard afford,
 To the low Vassal, and imperious Lord :
 In fairest balance hangs each level scale ;
 Justice presides, and bids the right prevail.

* Or, inward ; Dryden uses inly, in the Quarrel of Drances and Turnus ;
 and inly groaning, thus Opprobrious spoke.

Let Rome her patriot Chieftains proudly boast,
 And point exulting to her martial host :
 —Ambition plunder'd what her valour gain'd,
 And foul Corruption all her sources drain'd :
 Not all the glories of her mid-day Sun,
 Not all the countries that her sword has won,
 Can with those rights in competition stand ;
 Forc'd from tyrannic JOHN's reluctant hand.
 Let others boast your wealth, your pomp, and state,
 I praise those virtues which are truly great :
 Those prudent counsels, which ensure success ;
 That honest justice, which high Heav'n must bless.
 That zeal for Freedom's ever sacred cause*,
 Foster'd by mod'rate rule, and fair impartial laws.
 Thee, bounteous Freedom, from those blest abodes,
 Where sits the Synod of the deathless Gods,
 With contemplation views, and joys to see
 So just, so fair a type of human Liberty † !

* Or, that Zeal in Freedom's ever sacred Cause.

† Or, an Isle, at once so glorious and so free.

Veteres Avias tibi e pulmone revellam.

ON SUPERSTITION.

TURN not to Heav'n aghast thy haggard eyes,
 When 'thwart the void expanse the comet flies;
 Pursue not, thoughtless man, with fearful gaze,
 The fiery meteor's rapid, darting blaze,
 Of Influence harmless, as the solar rays. }
 Know, when emerg'd from nought this world began,
 Omniscient Wisdom fram'd th' unerring plan;
 Fix'd, settled functions, Nature's body's bound,
 And every body had its stated round;
 Some course the regions of empyrean light,
 And visit, once in ages, mortal sight;
 Some, but alternate from our view withdraw,
 And from proximity derive their law:
 Remov'd still nearer to the Throne of God,
 Others to reach our sight are not allow'd.
 Thought fills the void, and Intuition sees,
 Myriads of planets roll on Æther's seas.
 Imagination left to range, can trace
 Un-number'd worlds, to fill unbounded space:
 View,

View, at one glance, an all-informing soul,
 Pervade, direct, and awe the perfect whole ;
 One changeless system bind the mighty frame,
 Deduc'd from God, invariably the same.
 How weak, *portent'ous* inference to draw,
 From things which act obedient to their law !
 Whether they course the verge of Heav'nly light,
 Or sink conspicuous to the human sight :
 Whether through seas of purest Æther stray,
 Or downward bend to earth their destin'd way, }
 —Harmless to man, they Nature's laws obey. }
 If aught with sacred awe arrest thy soul,
 Be God that pow'r,—let him thy mind controul :
 His be thy fears, thy adoration, all,
 That can for serious Contemplation call :
 —View Nature's wonders with a fearless eye,
 And mark, unmov'd, the wandering comet fly.

F I N I S.



